

The Saturday News

SEVENTH YEAR. No. 8

EDMONTON, ALBERTA, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 3, 1912.

PRICE FIVE CENTS

Jasper's Note Book

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It is doubtful if any two cities similarly situated were ever brought together with less bitterness left behind. Those who were opposed to the move at the last were not numerous and such as they were they soon became reconciled to it.

The danger that must be guarded against is that sectional feeling will creep into municipal matters and make the amalgamation in some respects more of a weakness than a strength. There is little indication at the present moment that much is to be feared in this connection. The municipalities have a large outlet and are concerned with a battle before it rather than the one that and that quarter of the city continues to prevail, there is no animism.

THIS paper would like to see Davies the first chief of Greater City. The honor him and personally he was a man. But there seems little hope of it. His own affairs require him. He has told his friends, and those of them who feel the feeling is between north and south is a little early to put it to the citizen of the latter for he may.

They may be right. In any case that the opportunity will arise to avail ourselves of Mr. Davies for civic service, as well as to have done in bringing about the opening up of which is this such general congratulation.

For future reference the fact fully noted that he was the man possible and if any one is to be father of Greater Edmonton the movement had to be conducted in Strat put himself at the head of it and the fact carried it through.

AT the moment it looks as if there will be a straight fight for the mayoralty between the retiring mayor of Edmonton, Mr. G. S. Armstrong, and Mr. B. J. Saunders. The qualifications which the latter possesses for the post have been already pointed out on this page and as between the two men, he should be elected.

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The man most responsible for all this is the mayor. If he had been of a different calibre, there would be another story to tell, and it is not safe during the coming year, when so much development is in progress and so many vital problems will have to be handled, to entrust the helm once more to him.

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But does it take enough care in the selection of the men to whom it entrusts the immense sums that it provides? Each year as the municipal election comes around, there is reason to complain of the paucity of good material that offers itself for the council. One would have thought after the experience of the past year that more of a con-

certed effort would be made to bring good men into the field. The energy that was used up in instituting injunction proceedings last summer should have been saved and applied now.

THE voters came through very handsomely once again in response to the request of the Exhibition association for more money. A further sum of \$175,000 has been granted, which is to be spent within the next three years and is expected to bring the equipment to such a state as to enable the directors to realize the plans that they have in immediate view. The confidence shown in them is well deserved. They have made good and are entitled to all possible encouragement. The new manager, Mr. Stark, is believed to have all the qualifications necessary to carry on successfully the work so well initiated by Mr. A. G. Harrison.

great responsibility for these people of foreign birth and we have shamefully abused it. They have shown themselves most adaptable. They appreciate all the boons which the country has to offer them and under the guidance of their best men should develop into admirable citizens. But the men who set themselves on so much higher a plane do all in their power to make the task of these leaders a difficult and at times it seems an impossible one.

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FORBES-ROBERTSON AND "THE PAINTED LADY"
(THE PASSER-BY)

Microfilmed by FLOFILM Process
TRADE MARK

SUB DIVISION

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In his Winnipeg address, Mr. Konfi accused men of British birth, men whose British names, he said, went back two hundred years, of degrading and demoralizing his countrymen. He declared that the Canadian people looked with contempt upon the foreigner as the man who dug the sewers and performed the spade work of the country. The Pole, the Ruthenian and the Russian were, he declared, classed together as one and despised indiscriminately.

Mr. Konfi pleaded that his own countrymen, although intellectually inferior to the Canadians, were nevertheless eager for self-improvement and for civic recognition. They were not, he protested, without moral stamina and worth, and in any case they had not had time enough to pick up the depravity around them. But drifting away from their old literature and from their former mental moorings they found themselves amongst the British the despised and rejected. Only at election times, said Mr. Konfi, with biting irony, did the Canadian take an interest in his countrymen and that interest was limited to corrupting and debauching them for the Canadian's own ends and purposes. Politics, he said, had become associated in the minds of these people with vote-buying and drunkenness. "Are you going to the political meeting," he asked a Pole during an election. "No," the Pole had replied, "I don't drink."

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The entrance to it, with the Roche Miette standing out behind Bruile Lake and other high mountains acting as sentinels at the outer gates, is as magnificent a bit of mountain scenery as is to be found anywhere. It fully justifies the description which Principal Grant gave it forty years in his book, "From Ocean to Ocean," written as a result

of his trip over the proposed line of the new transcontinental with Sir Sandford Fleming. What Principal Grant wrote has very decided present-day interest. Here is part of his word picture:

"The summits on one side of the Athabasca were serrated, looking sharp as the teeth of a saw; on the other, Roche Miette, immediately behind the first line, reared a great, solid, unbroken cube, two thousand feet high, a forehead bare, twenty times higher than Ben An's; and, before and beyond it, away to the south and west, extended ranges with bold summits and sides scooped out, and carries far down, where formerly the wood buff lo and the elk roamed, and where the moose, big horn and bear now find shelter. There was nothing fantastic in their forms. Everything was imposing. The mighty column of Roche Perdreu towered a mile above our heads, scumds of clouds kissing its snowy summit, and each plication and angle of the different strata up its sides boldly and clearly revealed. Miette is the characteristic mountain of the Jasper Valley. There are others as high, but its grand, bare forehead is recognized everywhere. It is 5,800 feet above the valley, or over 8,000 feet above the sea.

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The townsite of Fitzhugh itself has been admirably selected. The view up the valley from the point where the engineers now have their quarters is superb. Here one gets a glimpse of one of the many monarchs of the mountains that lie back from the railway and will afford fresh fields of enterprise to the mountain climbers of the world. This is Mount Gekkie, which towers more than 11,000 feet above sea level. Further west beyond the summit lies the highest of all Canadian mountains, Robson, and near by are not a few others that deserve to rank in a class with it.

On the way back a visit was paid to the Jasper Collieries, which lie within the park. The mine is equipped and conducted according to the most modern methods and though the enterprise was floated but a year ago, it is already turning out large quantities of coal quite equal to the best that is to be found in the immensely valuable fields of the Crow's Nest. It is a forerunner of development which will make the country along the G.T.P. west of Edmonton the home of a very large industrial population.

Further on, near Blederdike, the site of the Edmonton Portland Cement Co. was visited. The foundation has been put in for one of the buildings and the erection of the plant is to be pushed ahead with all speed.

Nothing could have been more complete than the arrangements which the railway had made for comfort of the excursionists. Those who have gone over the G.T.P. line as ordinary travellers know what the accommodation is and it is sufficient to say that that afforded to the Legislative party was fully in accord with this. Messrs. Hinton, Leit and Gorham, who were in charge, made hosts of friends for themselves and for the road.

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The danger that must be guarded against is that sectional feeling will creep into municipal matters and make the amalgamation in some respects more of a weakness than a strength. There is little indication at the present moment that much is to be feared in this connection. The people of the new municipality have a large outlook on their affairs and are concerned with the big possibilities that lie before it rather than the small matters that affect this and that quarter of the city. If this spirit continues to prevail, there is no excuse for any pessimism.

THIS paper would like to have seen Mayor Davies the first chief executive of the Greater City. The honor was coming to him and personally he was well worthy of it. But there seems little hope that he will take the field. His own affairs require his attention, so he has told his friends, and there are some of the warmest of them who feel that cordial though the feeling is between north and south Edmonton, it is a little early to put it to the test by running a citizen of the latter for the mayoralty.

They may be right. In any case it is to be hoped that the opportunity will arise before very long to avail ourselves of Mr. Davies' undoubted capacity for civic service, as well as to recognize what he has done in bringing about the new order of things, the opening up of which is this week the subject of such general congratulation.

For future reference the fact should be carefully noted that he was the man who made union possible and if any one is to be given the title of father of Greater Edmonton it is he. The movement had to be conducted in Strathcona. Mr. Davies put himself at the head of it and by rare energy and tact carried it through.

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IN "THE PASSING OF THE THIRD FLOOR BACK."

Empire Theatre, 3 Nights, Starting Thursday, Feb. 8.

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Within the next few years Jasper Park will be the Mecca for a host of lovers of the beautiful in nature. As they come, the landmarks of civilization will multiply for their convenience. But at the present time, apart from the line of steel which threads the valley and an occasional station, house the scene is the same as that which greeted the eye of the traveller forty years ago, as he contemplated it from his pony's back.

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TORTURED BY BILIOUSNESS

AND TERRIBLE SICK HEADACHES

Both Completely Cured by "Fruit-a-lives"

DR. S. D. DUNN, Ont. July 17th, 1910.
"I was a dreadful sufferer for many years from Sick Headaches and Biliousness, or Torpid Liver. I tried many remedies and physicians, but nothing seemed to do me any good. I finally used 'Fruit-a-lives' and after the first box, I was so much better that I continued using these fruit tablets and they have entirely cured me."

"I certainly can recommend 'Fruit-a-lives' to anyone who suffers from Headaches, Biliousness or Stomach Trouble." Mrs. ISAAC VANSICKLE. Thousands of people have had the same experience as Mrs. Vansickle. They have tried doctors and taken all sorts of medicine, only to find that "Fruit-a-lives" is the one and only remedy that actually cures these troubles.
"Fruit-a-lives" is the only medicine in the world made of fruit juices, and is the greatest Liver Cure ever discovered. It acts directly on the Liver, Kidneys and Skin—sweetens the stomach and purifies the blood. 50c. a box, 4 for \$2.50, or trial size, 25c. At all dealers or from Fruit-a-lives Limited, Ottawa.

NOTICE

Notice is hereby given that in accordance with the provisions of the Irrigation Act, the St. Albert Collieries Company, Limited, have filed the necessary memorial and plans required by Sections 13 and 15 of the said Act, with the Commissioner of Irrigation at Calgary, Alberta.

The applicants apply for the right to divert one-fourth of one cubic foot of water per second from the Sturgeon River, at a point on River Lot 54, Township 53, Range 25, West of the 4th Meridian, for other purposes, and for the right to construct the necessary works as shown by the memorial and plans filed, to enable the water so diverted to be used for the said other purposes in the collieries.

The undermentioned lands are also affected by right of way for the proposed works, viz.: River Lot 54, and the Northwest quarter of section 28, in township 53, range 25, west of the 4th Meridian.

Dated at St. Albert, Alberta, this 28th day of November, 1911.
ST. ALBERT COLLIERIES LIMITED

By Short, Cross & Biggar, their solicitors.
3-6 Applicants.

Jackson Bros. Special

When buying a watch don't forget Jackson Bros. special \$10.00 Watch 16 size, gold filled 20-year case, fitted with a 17 jewel special movement.

Fully Guaranteed.

JACKSON BROS.

New Store:

237 Jasper Av. E., Edmonton

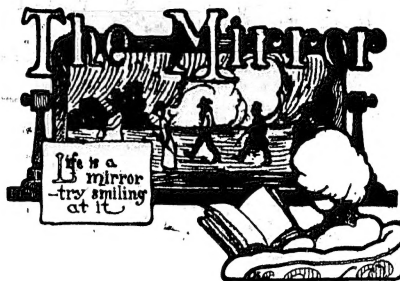
Marriage Licenses Issued.

EQUAL TO THE OCCASION.

The time that the loop line was in process of construction in Dublin an Irish farvey was conducted in America around the capital. When the Yankee saw Nelson's Pillar he asked Pat what it was. "Humph!" said the Yankee, "beyond in New York we can get three-cent cigars that are longer." All went well, however, until they passed six horses drawing a large lorry, on which was an immense piece of iron rail for the loop line. On being asked what it was for, Pat said:

"Oh, you see, some people are building a little house down there for themselves, and that's the kitchen poker."

After that the Yankee remained silent.
Energetic Sales Managers wanted to establish headquarters in Edmonton and look after entire business of Alberta. Exclusive contract issued. Address, with bank and business reference, Diagraph Carbon Paper Co., Inc., Philadelphia, Pa.



ONE PERFECT DAY.

By John P. Sjolander

It was brought to him into the dark, somewhere, The one perfect day, in the for 'go;
And his wine he quaffed, and he sang and laughed,
Till the face of him shone with a wondrous glow;
And the sky leaned down upon every side,
And his balm was poured, and his wounds were healed;

And Life, as sweet as a smiling bride,
Put up her veil, and stood revealed.

For some one—but who there was none could tell,
If a man, or a woman, or only a child—
Someway, somewhere, with the tenderest care
Had met him, and hailed him, and sped him, and smiled;

And whichever way that he chanced to look,
On the earth below or the skies above.
He saw the pages of Life's great book
Were writ in a thousand ways with love.

I find that most of the philosophers I know,
Come in at the kitchen entrance of my house.

Maybe it is because I am more familiar with the viewpoint of the people in my own particular walk of life. The Bridging, Dancing, Teasing set.

Perhaps it is because our mode of life, tends towards our concealing our honest opinions. At any rate, and for whatever cause, in the region of pots and pans, plain people and honest, homely toil, I am coming by some of the most valuable lessons of my life. There is a simplicity and childlikeness that is exquisitely refreshing in the people who bob in at my back door.

There is the Laundry Man, for instance, who gets all "friz up" in Winter, but thaws out with the first signs of Spring, and can tell you about any number of interesting things that he observes as he drives about the streets from the point of vantage of his laundry wagon. There is the butcher's boy—oh a mighty laughing lad let me tell you, regarding the ways of the "gentler" sex.

The B. B. never refers to them as that. To him they are mostly Amazons of Wrath, who get him into all kinds of scrapes, because their roasts don't arrive on the dot, and the steak isn't sufficiently tender. Regarding the first complaint, he has this to say:

People as only orders their roasts a 'alf a 'our ahead, can't expect as 'ow it 'ill come p.d.q. on a aeroplane.

"There's reason in all things."

"With regard to the toughness of the beef—well I didn't make the hankies, so I don't see as 'ow I can be held responsible."

"There's a woman as goes to my church and 'olds her bible very conspicuous, and shouts loud in the hymns—I suppose she's considered a pretty good Christian. You'd think so, till you 'eard her tongue at fellows like me."

"Oh but I know 'er, and could tell a few."

"I said, 'I'm surprised.'"
You see I only know her by the front door-way.

The chap who brings my milk is the Mark Tapley who lets in sunshine and cheerfulness, every time he passes the door-way. "Beautiful morning" is his usual greeting.

The morning may be a thirty below, and the man have been on his rounds since 5 a.m. I never knew it for a "beautiful morning" until he told me. Precious few who come in by the front entrance, refer to it but to complain.

Funny, isn't it?

But "Tom" is my principal informant regarding the ways and thoughts of those who lead the simple life. Hitherto I have taken him on trust. One day he "just came" to the back door for work, any odd job, and he has been coming steadily ever since.

Last night he materialized into a human being. I was washing dishes—how I hate 'em, sometimes!

Tom cleaning silver.

He was going back to his lonely shack presently, to cook himself "a little something."

Perhaps I should tell you that the subject of my remarks is aged, say fifty-five or sixty. He is one of those persons who might be thirty or a hundred.

"I never look at silver and such trappings Mam," remarked my Court Polisher, "but I think of how queer the Lord sometimes hands things out."

"Now in my home in England it was never anything but work and plain, hard fare."

"I can remember when I was only as big as your little girl there, or say a wee bit bigger, how I had to help in my father's market garden, weeding, weeding, weeding, until my little back ached and I wished I was dead."

"Perhaps your Father was thinking it was the best way to make you a useful man later on," I interrupted.

"Maybe," said Tom, "but he was a hard man, was my Father."

"Every day, after we started to school, the moment the bell rang for it to be out, we had to run straight home and begin and milk or weed—always something. My brothers and I never played that I can recollect."

He said it with the air of a man stating a simple fact, resignedly, more than by way of complaint.

"Then I apprenticed for a carpenter, got married, and was happy for quite a number of years. One day my poor wife went mad; she had had to work very hard, and I was left alone."

"It was terrible."

"Twelve years she was in the asylum, then one day they sent for me to tell me she was dying. Her last words were that I had been a good husband to her, to get married again, and try and be happy."

Do you see the simple resignation, evident in this episode, to the ultimatum of the hard "God of things as they are?"

"Well, I never married. My partner in our little business fleeced me out of all my earnings. Golly, but he was a smart chap! Then I heard of Canada."

When he said the word "Canada" for the first time I recognized it for the beautiful, hopeful word it is, "Ca-na-da."

All soft vowels mixed up with the backbone of three mightily consonants. Tom mistakes it sometimes I think for "Canaan."

They are surprisingly alike too, aren't they? Once he had heard the West a-calling, it was all up with him. He couldn't stay on in England, so, armed with a letter of a Member of Parliament he struck out for the land of promise.

Did the spies, I wonder, in those far-off days, set out to look for the land flowing with milk and honey, with higher hopes or a more wonderful vision to lead them on, than this poor spy, whose eyes were fixed on "Ca-na-da"?

That all his clothes were stolen on the passage out, I think, characteristic of the man.

I am quite sure he submitted to the theft, as resignedly, as he submits to life as he finds it in general.

Is he disappointed in his "happy hunting-ground"?

No. But he knows it for what it is. Out here he finds fewer comforts, but he is losing his resignation.

There's the most hopeful sign I see in him. The wine of life out West is making him drunk with the hope that the future may still hold something for him.

Not all behind—something ahead.

Hope versus resignation.

But the "letter of the Member of Parliament" still holds Tom captive. When he first spoke of it, he rolled it out as if it had been a passport from the Lord Almighty himself.

"Of course," he made haste to inform me, "I didn't know him, personally. I was only one of his constituents. However, he gave me 'the letter.' You'll be knowing of him, now wouldn't you?"

"Blankety Blank."

Again a pause for impressiveness.

"Blankety Blank, a Member of Parliament."

I couldn't have disillusioned him for a hundred dollars.

Then and there I lied.

"Of course," said I, "of course."

I could have told Tom that out in this country the title, "a Member of Parliament," in nine cases out of ten, stands for an exceedingly prosy, dull old party, whom no one but certain poor, office seekers, pays much attention to.

Their letters, or influence open no magic doors. Their names, except in their petty little constituencies, are of slight avail. Their stock of trade is mostly empty promises, and pre-election I.O.U.'s that are never honored.

(Continued on Page Eight.)

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They are having great fun at Ottawa over the new speaker of the House of Commons, who up to the time of his appointment knew no French, but has since been spending all his spare time with a French tutor. Honors come hard when they send a man of sixty back to the school-room. The Toronto World's correspondent had this to say the other day:

Monsieur L'Orateur Docteur Sproule may now expect to be elected an honorary member of the Societe St. Jean Baptiste.

Hitherto, the Speaker has scented a French expression in the orders of the day, several pages off, and has hastily given the high sign to the clerk assistant to act as his understudy.

Not so to-day. When the doctor came to bill No. 45, an act respecting "La Compagnie du Chemin de Fer du Colonization du Nord" he never even hesitated on the brink, but plunged in bravely, jockeyed playfully for a moment with the word "chemin," took "colonization" at a gallop, and shot over the tape a winner by several syllables. For real excitement it had the Grand Prix faded to a standstill. Vive Le Docteur.

A young lady who had returned from a tour through Italy with her father informed a friend that he liked all the Italian cities, but most of all he loved Venice.

"Ah, Venice, to be sure—" said the friend. "I can readily understand that your father would like Venice, with its gondolas, and St. Mark's and Michelangelo."

"Oh, no!" the young lady interrupted; "it wasn't that. He liked it because he could sit in the hotel and fish from the window."

With hisses and groans the audience greeted the principal scene of the new drama. All hope, then, was at an end. "It's hard to tell just what the public wants," murmured the heart-broken playwright. "It's easy enough to tell in this case," said the man-

ager grimly. "It wants its money back!"

They tell of a clergyman who in the pulpit was a fearless expounder of rights and wrongs, but who in the domestic circle maintained for prudential reasons considerable reserve of speech and action.

On one occasion when the divine visited a neighboring town, the editor of the only paper published therein, which never failed to notice the presence of a stranger in town, offered the following, so worded as to prove unwittingly keen:

"Doctor Carroll is once more among us for a brief stay. He says and does exactly as he thinks right, without regard to the opinions or beliefs of others. His wife is not with him."

The lady was complaining to the dairyman some time ago regarding the quality of his milk.

"Short o' grass feed, mum—short o' grass feed this time o' the year," said the jocular milkman. "Bless yeh, them cows o' mine are just as sorry about it as I am. I often stands and watches 'em cryin'—reg'lar cryin', mum, because they feels how their milk don't do 'em credit. You don't believe it?"

"Oh, yes, I believe it," said the lady; "but I wish in future you'd see that they don't drop their tears into our can."

"What's little Willie crying about?"

"Because he doesn't get a holiday on Saturday and his brother does."

"But why doesn't Willie get a holiday on Saturday?"

"Because he isn't old enough to go to school yet."

The boy was standing upon the burning deck whence all but him had fled.

"I guess I'm done for," he said as he glanced around him, "but there's one comfort: They'll never be able to say I had cold feet!"—Lippincott's Magazine.

"Mamma," said little Jane, "do men ever go to heaven?"

"Why, of course, my dear. What makes you ask?"

"Because I never see any pictures of angels with whiskers."

"Well," said the mother, thoughtfully, "some men do go to heaven, but they get there by a close shave!"

Uncle Jackson (showing city boy the farm): "With all your city education, sonny, I'll warrant you don't know which side you milk a cow from?"

The Boy: "Sure, I do. It's the under side!"

—Puck.

THE CALL of THE WEST

By Walter P. Davisson

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Today the West is calling, as never she called before,
Thousands of men are coming—the West needs millions more!
Calling on men to win her—promising rich returns;
Calling on men within whose hearts the Spirit of Freedom burns!

I am the Land of Plenty, and rich is the milk of my breast!
And so my children love me, and call me "The Golden West;"
I give relentless failure, for idleness folly, and shun
My wealth is here for the taking—but only the workers win!

I am the Land of the Free, and Labor is richly paid!
Down the far lines of my furrows, happiest homes I have made.
I welcome a thousand children for every day in the year;
But my Mother-Heart is aching for Children who should be here!

I am searching the world for them, and it cuts my heart to see
Millions of hopeless, hungry souls yearning to come to me!
Eyes which would shine with laughter! Hearts which would throb again!
If given the hope of my Prairies, and given the work of my Men!

Raise yourselves out of serfdom! O let me make you free!
Follow your heart's dictation, and come right out to me;
Here on the Virgin Prairies, and rich as they came from God,
With a million years of water—and a million years of soil!

Bring me the brightest brains! Bring me the work-

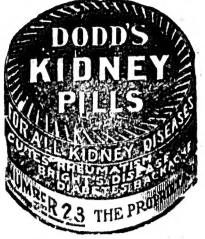
er who sings!
I'm seeking men for my furrows—I'm looking for Railroad Kings!
Mine is a Young Man's country, as I pay before you grow old;
And so, like my Prairie Sunsets, your years may be wreathed in gold.

Bring me the strength of your arms! Fertile and tough are my plains!
I'll make your lives worth living, I'll quicken the food in your veins!
I will keep your eyes a-glowing! I will make your shoulders broad!
And help you to live like Men, in the all-seeing eyes of God!

Bring me your Wives and Daughters, as they must be also free!
You give them a double blessing, in bringing them out to me—
As the strength of my Prairie Children never can pass away,
I want the finest Women on the top o' the earth today!

There are those who have thought me wild; but the years are making plain;
There isn't much scope for "wildness" in Millions of Bushels of Grain!
Nor in building a Hundred Cities—Laying Thousands of Miles of Steel!
Nor in breaking an ending Prairie to the song of the Traction wheel!

Come to me! O my children! Ye who are hungry for land!
Much will I give for your labor! I give with a lavish hand!
My hundreds of millions of acres, which never have felt a plow,
Are waiting for you! my children! the prairies are calling you now!
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"Likely he will," said Dennis,
disappointed, "but Oi won't be
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\$700 cash, bal. 1 and 2 years.
Evanson, Blk. 9, 2 lots, \$700
each; third cash.
\$2,500, Snap in Block 50,
Groat Estate; splendid buy.
Beechmount, Blk. 14, \$450;
half cash.
Beechmount, Blk. 5, 2 lots,
\$500 each cash.
Northcote, Blk. 15, \$425 cash.
Northcote, Blk. 14, 5 lots 50x
150 ft., \$750 each; third
cash; bal. 1 year.
Westwood, Blk. 3, \$1150; half
cash.
Eastwood, Blk. 8, close to Al-
berta, \$625 each; half cash.
H.B.R., corner of 5th and Mc-
Kenzie, Blk. 4, with house
and stable, \$20,000; 1/4 cash,
balance 1 and 2 years.
H.B.R., 2 lots, Blk. 10, \$4650;
\$2650 cash.
H.B.R., corner Blk. 10, 50x100
ft., \$3,500; \$2,000 cash.
H.B.R., Blk. 13, \$2,800; \$900
cash.
H.B.R., Blk. 13, south of track,
with house and barn, corner
of Peace, \$6,500; \$3,500;
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H.B.R., Warehouse property—
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Victoria Place, Blk. 19, close to
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romdale, Blk. 7, \$500; \$275
cash.
Delton, Blk. 18, \$350; \$200
cash.
Delton, Blk. 6, \$525 cash.
Fredericton, Blk. 4, 7 lots,
\$3,000; \$1,000 cash, 6, 12
and 18 months.
Windor Park, Blk. 13, \$1,500;
\$700 cash, bal. 1, 2, 3 year.
Westgrove, 2 lots, Blk. 7,
\$1,500, \$950 cash.
Westmount, 3 lots, Blk. 22,
\$1100; half cash.
Woodland, Blk. A, \$320 c. sh.
Groat, 7 roomed modern house,
immediate possession, near
car line, south of track; a
snap.
Groat, Blk. 46, \$1700; half
cash; high and dry.
Ingleswood, Blk. 8, 25th St.,
facing east, \$1400; half cash.
First St., Norwood, Blk. 3,
\$5,000; \$2,900 cash.
Norwood, Blk. 69, \$630; \$330
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to the town cemetery."
Old Resident: "Good gracious!
I've already subscribed three
wives."

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Brannigan: "What's the matter,
Willikin?"

Willikin: "Matter enough. You
know some time ago I assigned all
my property to my wife to—
keep it out of the hands of—of
the people I owe money, you
know."

"Yes."
"Well, she's taken the money
and gone off—says she won't live
with me because I swindled my
creditors."

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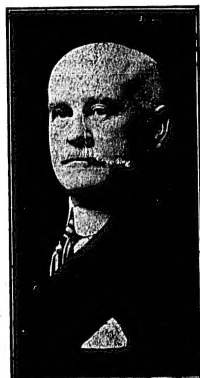
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BIG BOTTLE. ASK YOUR DOCTOR.



To the Electors of the City of Edmonton



Having decided to offer myself as a Candidate for the Mayoralty of Greater Edmonton, I deem it my duty to place before you what I would endeavor to accomplish if elected, and at the same time to say I am strictly in favor of Municipal Ownership of all our utilities.

(1) **Amalgamation Agreement.** It would be my aim to cement the union of the two municipalities by giving equal consideration to all parts of the Greater City, and by carrying out the Amalgamation Agreement in the letter as well as in the broad spirit in which it is founded.

(2) **Water Supply.** For some years past the water supply on the North side of the River has been very unsatisfactory. We have had repeated assurances from those responsible that this condition of affairs would be remedied. I am sure you will agree with me that this has never been accomplished. If elected, I pledge myself during my term of office, to put in motion such arrangements as will, when completed, give us an ample supply of pure water for all purposes, to meet present and future requirements.

(3) **Power Plant.** As is well known, the financial success of many, if not all the cities utilities, depends to a more or less extent on the Power Plant. It may be doubtful whether the power plant has received in the past too little or too much attention. My object would be, first, to move in the direction to Standardize the machinery, thus lessening the chances of failure of supply of power through breakages, and cheapening the cost of repairs; and secondly, to place this important utility on a more economical basis.

(4) **Street Railway.** The Street Railway service ought to be improved so as to earn the maximum revenue and such extensions outside of those included in the Amalgamation Agreement made from time to time as promise a sufficient revenue to make such extensions pay. I believe in extending this utility to serve the public and not to any particular interest.

(5) **Paving.** All the main thoroughfares on both sides of the River ought to be permanently paved as soon as possible, special attention being given to the main road connecting the North and South sides of the River, and to all the main roads leading into the country.

(6) **Penitentiary.** The present situation of the Penitentiary is a bar to the progress of a certain portion of the city, and I will put forward my strongest efforts to induce the Dominion Government to have it removed.

(7) **Refuse Disposal.** It is unfair that any one portion of the City should be made a dumping ground for the rest of the City, to the detriment of the inhabitants of that particular portion. I would endeavor to provide suitable and proper facilities for the destruction of the City's garbage without offence to any particular portion of the community.

(8) **City Hall.** The construction of a City Hall sufficient to accommodate the business of the City for an indefinite time is now a necessity, and immediate steps should be taken with this end in view.

(9) **Municipal Stockyards.** In order to foster the Stock Industry and centralize it in the City of Greater Edmonton, it is advisable to construct Municipal Stockyards.

(10) **Markets.** Suitable accommodation to meet the requirements of the City in the way of better market facilities on both sides of the River should be provided.

(11) **Industries.** Greater efforts should be put forth to show the advantages we possess geographically, and as a railway centre to induce manufacturing industries of various kinds to locate in our midst, thus ensuring an ever-increasing pay-roll. We must realize the ever important necessity of our being producers and not purchasers only.

(12) **Armory.** I would be in favor of urging upon the Dominion Authorities the importance of the construction of an Armory in the immediate future, to meet the requirements of both present and future military organizations.

Other matters that will receive my best attention are the providing of a Gas Plant, the improvement and extension of Parks on both sides of the River for the beautifying of the City, and anything that may arise for the betterment of the City at large.

Everything incurring the expenditure of money to be done with due regard to the City's Present and prospective financial position and the administration of all the city's affairs to be progressive and abreast or rather ahead of the times.

Yours faithfully,

B. J. Saunders

1st February, 1912.

Home and Society

While the epidemic of measles, and the fact that everyone almost who had to give parties, had already given more than their allotted share has caused a diminution in the strenuous social pace set for the past month and more, we still continue to have as gay a time as is good for us.

Miss Webster, the bride to be, of Tuesday next, has been the centre of attraction of most of the parties. Showers, teas and luncheons, crowded each other, in her honor.

On Tuesday, Mrs. Bower Campbell had two smart Bridges, one of four tables in the afternoon, and another of three tables in the evening. In the afternoon, Miss Jean Forsythe carried off first prize, a beautiful Crown Derby cup and saucer. Mrs. Balmer Watt, second, a dainty Wedgwood one, and Madame Thibadeau the most pretentious one of all, to console her for the fickle God's lack of attention.

Mrs. Campbell received wearing a beautiful toilette of King's blue chamoise satin, made with a tunic of exquisite black net, embroidered in some lovely design.

The yoke was of figured chiffon, in a feather pattern, in tones of grey and white.

Miss Nora Campbell assisted in receiving, and looked charming in a smart little tan broadcloth gown with Baby Irish accessories.

Mrs. Turnbull presided later at the tea urn, the table being lovely with a shower of golden daffodils, in a brass basket, tied with a huge bow of golden ribbon.

Candle-lights in brass and gold tones added their effective touch to the whole.

The players were, Mrs. Calderon, Mrs. Scoble, Mrs. Nash, Mrs. Kikpatrick, Mrs. Duncan Smith, Mrs. Jack Anderson, Mrs. Wallbridge, Mrs. Jennings, Mrs. Henwood, Madame Martin, Madame Thibadeau, Miss Dawson, Miss Forsythe, Mrs. Barford, and Mrs. Galloway.

In the evening Mrs. Dawson, Mrs. Dickens, Mrs. Jas. Smith, Mrs. Frank Smith, Mrs. Muir Frith, Mrs. Brunton, Mrs. Ewing, Mrs. Turnbull, Mrs. Wm. Short, Mrs. Howard Douglas, Mrs. Barnes, and Mrs. Saunders played, resulting in Mrs. Dickens and Mrs. Short winning two beautiful cups and saucers.

Mrs. Howard Douglas is home again after a delightful visit to her daughter in Revelstoke, B.C. She brought home her young granddaughter, Mrs. McCarter being expected to come on for a visit to the Capital in the course of a few days.

Mrs. Douglas received on Wednesday of this week as usual, a great number going out to call.

Mrs. Norman Soars has changed her day from the second to the first Tuesday of each month.

I hear of two engagements emphatically, but unofficially announced.

The following were guests at dinner at Government House on Monday: Mr. J. A. Simpson, Mr. L. M. Roberts, Mr. J. E. Stauffer, Mr. W. F. Puffer, Mr. Peter Gunn, Mr. R. T. Telford, Mr. John Glendinning, Mr. J. A. McPherson, Mr. Frank Walker, Mr. J. B. Holden, Mr. Charles Olin, Mr. T. M. Tweedie, Col. Edwards, Col. Ford, and Mr. T. M. Turnbull.

Mrs. Swaisland is entertaining at a Bridge of eight tables, this Friday night.

On Wednesday afternoon, Mrs. Fairchild received for the first time since coming to make her home in Edmonton, a large number of callers going out to 23rd street, where she is at present occupying the Waddell residence.

The young hostess was looking charming in a lovely frock of soft cerise satin, veiled in a tunic of moonbeam sequins, heavy bead fringe edging the skirt and sleeves. Mrs. Arno of Calgary, who came up to visit her sister on Monday, assisted her, wearing a soft gown of palest mauve silk crepe de chine, elaborately inset with lace, and looking very smart and attractive.

Mrs. Frank Smith was also in the drawing room welcoming the guests, while Mrs. Balmer Watt poured tea, and Miss Marjory Beck and Miss Marie Costigan of Calgary, assisted.

The table was a most attractive arrangement of yellow tulips and daffodils, amid a bed of green leaves; yellow candle-lights sheddin' a golden glow over all.

In the evening the assistants stayed on, and were joined by a few others, when Bridge and an informal dance brought to a close a most enjoyable little party.

Mrs. Clarry is giving a young people's Bridge this Friday evening.

Last Thursday there were a number of social happenings too late to be chronicled in the week's budget of news.

Madame Thibadeau was the hostess of a smart little dinner of nine covers on that night, the table being most artistically done with venetian lace doilies over pink illusion and centred with a lace asparagus fern in a silver bowl, on a mirror base.

The same evening Mrs. Dickens had a jolly Bridge of six tables, when Mr. and Mrs. Albert Nash carried off the honors. In the afternoon Miss Marjory Beck had a girl's tea in Mile. Dubuc's honor, when golden daffodils queened it on the tea table, Mrs. Frank Smith, Madame Martin, Mrs. Jim Ponton, and Miss Lyl Scott, Miss Costigan, Miss Aloysia McKenny and Miss Lillian Hardisty, assisted the young hostess in doing the honors.

Mrs. MacDonnell received the same afternoon at her cosy home on Victoria avenue, and had with her a recent bride, Mrs. Easwood, whom everyone was welcoming to town.

The rooms were redolent with the sweet fragrance of quantities of pink roses, the tea table being a most effective arrangement of red and white roses on a mirror base, surrounded by a bank of waxy smilax. Here Mrs. Taylor and Mrs. Gillespie presided.

I had a card from Mrs. Williamson Taylor this week, telling of the heavenly summer weather they are enjoying in California, where Dr. and Mrs. Irving are also basking under southern skies.

Mr. and Mrs. Helferman are home from an enjoyable visit in the east.

Mr. and Mrs. R. N. Frith who have been away since early December, visiting in Nova Scotia and Ontario, are expected home next week.

Mrs. T. M. McCaw announces the engagement of her daughter, Gertrude, to Mr. E. W. Kolb, of Calgary, Alta., formerly of Cincinnati, Ohio. The marriage will take place quietly on the 21st of February.—Montreal Star.

The engagement was recently announced in Montreal of Miss Laura Turnbull to Mr. Gordon C. McTavish of this city. Mr. McTavish is at present in the east.—Winnipeg Free Press.

I see by the Ottawa papers, that Mrs. Clark Bowker is having a fine time at the Dominion Capital, dinners, luncheons and teas galore helping to make her stay an altogether delightful one.

Mrs. Richards of Winnipeg, is visiting her son, Mr. Harold Richards.

Archdeacon and Mrs. Forlin, of Winnipeg, are expected in town on Tuesday, to attend their son, Dr. Forlin's wedding to Miss Ethel Webster, which takes place on February 8th.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Mowat returned from a visit to the Coast on Thursday.

Miss Hughes, Mrs. Emery and Mr. St. Geo. Jellett, are three Edmontonians who are speeding Honoluluwards. Bon Voyage to each and all of them.

Mrs. F. B. MacMahon is visiting Miss Mary Clark, in Prince Albert.

A great many of the dancing set are looking forward to the Squadron Dance in the Separate School Hall on Tuesday evening.

Of course everyone is going next week to see Forbes-Robertson. Theatre parties galore are already being arranged, and I will be much surprised if his engagement won't be a record-breaking one in Edmonton.

The Misses Dawson were the attractive young hostesses at a tea for not-out buds, on Friday last. Miss Bessie Forin poured the tea, and those fortunate enough to be present had a "perfectly lovely party."

Mrs. Pardee and Mrs. Swaisland were hostesses at the Fourth Assembly which took place in the Separate School Hall on Friday last. Like all of these popular dances it went with a happy swing and go, and was perhaps the most enjoyable of all owing to the fact that for some reason or other, only about half of the usual crowd were present. One thing was perhaps deplorable, for once there were more fair partners than there were gay cavaliers enough to dance with. And the girls didn't appreciate the innovation.

A few of those present were: Madame Dubuc, in a smart toilette of pale green chiffon, veiling satin of the same shade, with sequin garnitures, and a handsome oriental scarf over her shoulders.

Miss Dubuc in a sweet pale pink frock, very chic and Parisian with the bodice elaborately embroidered in pink rosebuds, a cord drawing in the waist ending in a knot of the same lovely design. In her hair she wore a silver bandeau and looked very winsome and attractive.

Miss Whitney, another visitor to town, was

(Continued on Page Eight.)

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To The Electors of Greater Edmonton:

I have acceded to the request of several of the electors to run for Alderman in the impending elections. During the intervals I expect to address several meetings in different parts of the City and place my views before you.

Any assistance rendered in my election will be duly appreciated.

Respectfully yours,
J. J. DENMAN.

Music and Drama

When Forbes Robertson comes to Calgary next week, he will open the new Sherman theatre. Mr. Sherman is very fortunate in having so great an actor for the occasion and it is to be hoped that he will have something like the same luck when he opens the Edmonton playhouse, to the erection of which we are looking forward this season.

Mr. Robertson has been specially invited to read the opening speech in Calgary before the curtain goes up, and at the conclusion of the play Mr. Sherman has arranged for a public reception on the stage, so that those who are present at the first night of the Sherman Grand may inspect the theatre and its appointments. Afterwards a banquet will be held to celebrate the occasion.

In the new Sherman Grand theatre Calgary will have one of the best theatres in the west. The structure is nearing completion now and already presents a splendid interior appearance. Its seating capacity is to be 1,504, with 812 seats in the pit and 692 in the gallery.

The Edmonton operatic society is hard at work on the rehearsals for "The Mikado," which is to be produced at the Empire on February 16, 17 and 18.

The new rector of Holy Trinity Church, Strathcona, Rev. C. Carruthers, is an enthusiastic musician. While at Lloydminster the choir that he trained won the shield at the Saskatchewan festival. This was in 1910.

The visit of our old friend, Tom Marks, this week, has been warmly welcomed, though Edmonton has come on theatrically since he used to hold the boards at Robertson's Hall. No player is better known throughout the length and breadth of Canada.

Mr. Marks tells with great gusto a story of a little Irishman in one of the smaller Ontario cities who was in the habit of striking up an acquaintance with various actors as they lounged about the hotel rotunda. Their acquaintance usually ripened into an invitation being extended to Tim to carry on the conversation over the near-by bar. One day Mr. Wilson Barrett, the famous English tragedian came along. He did not warm up to Tim. But the latter was not easily discouraged.

"Do you know Tom Marks?" he asked.
"No," said Barrett, in a rather superior tone.
"I am afraid I have not the pleasure."
"Well," said Tim, as he stunk away in disgust, "Sure you must be a pretty poor kind of an actor."

The Musical News states that Sir Frederick Gore-Ouseley on one occasion played right through on the piano, entirely from memory Beethoven's Septet, which he heard only once in his life ten years before! After this we shall be told, comments London Truth, of someone who succeeded in reproducing the "Ring" in the same way twenty years after hearing it at Bayreuth. The statement is manifestly ridiculous. By comparison Mozart's historical transcript of Allegri's Miserere after a single hearing in St. Peter's would have to be reckoned mere child's play. But, then, M. zar's achievement was really authenticated. The late Dr. E. J. Hopkins used to claim that he played Mendelssohn's Wedding March from memory after hearing it once, and Donizetti was credited with having reproduced the score of a whole opera after two or three hearings for a publisher who could not otherwise get hold of it. But none of these performances bears any sort of resemblance to such an inconceivable feat as that ascribed to Gore-Ouseley.

Fifteen hundred "professionals"—leading men and women, chorus girls and men, "leads," "heavies," vaudevillians, representing every type of actor and actress—are now resting on Chicago's Rialto, says a dispatch from that city.

Within three weeks about forty companies have folded tents in nearby towns and the members have hurried to Clark and Randolph streets looking for "openings" and discussing the most disastrous year in theatricals in a decade.

Local theatrical agencies are crowded daily. Managers declare there are more theatrical men and women seeking employment in Chicago now than in years—even including the summer-habit. "Company after company has returned to Chicago within the last week," said Harry Armstrong, a booking agent. "There are 200 applicants for every place I can offer."

"At least a thousand actors and actresses are looking for work here now," was the statement from the Rowland & Clifford offices, which closed three companies recently. "Usually when the new year comes around there are a large number of companies going out, but this year it is 'all coming in and nothing going out.'"

On the authority of Robert Grau, in "Musical America," Patti drew more money than any other artist before or after her. She often drew \$12,000 at a concert and \$15,000 in opera, and she is to this day not only holding these records, but is the only star in the world who could command \$5 for seats at concerts; she could also pack a house in opera at \$7 a seat. She also holds the record of being paid at all times by the largest honorarium of any player or singer in the history of the world. Her record as a box office star in opera was reached at a matinee at Mechanics Hall, Boston, in 1888, when she drew \$18,900. For twenty years she was paid \$4,000 a night, and on her last tour when her powers were on the wane, she was given \$5,000 a night and 50 per cent. of the gross receipts of any concert in excess of \$7,500. On the evening when Patti achieved her Philadelphia record in concert, \$13,800, she was paid for singing two arias and one encore for each exactly \$8,150, which, Mr. Grau says, is much more than double the largest sum ever paid to anyone in the world's history for a single performance; in fact it was more than twice as much as she herself had previously received. In Chicago, Patti often drew \$15,000 house in opera and \$12,000 in concert.

Caruso comes next to Patti. At one performance of "Aida," in Atlanta, Ga., last year, he drew \$18,600, only \$300 below Patti's record. In New York he draws \$11,000 to \$12,000 when he sings, and on his concert tour the receipts were \$9,000 a night.

Madame Melba, who has drawn an \$8,000 house, comes next to Caruso, while Madame Schumann Heink holds the record for contraltos. No other contralto has ever shown any remarkable drawing power. When she first came to America her salary was \$250 a week, and now in the same time she never earns less than \$5,000.

It is interesting to compare the receipts of Rubinstein when he came to America in 1872, with Paderewski's tours. Rubinstein was then engaged for one hundred concerts at \$200 a concert, and Wieniawski, the great violinist, who was with him, was paid \$100 a night. The two "rew an average of \$1,200 a night, and even when they were combined with Theodore Thomas's Orchestra, the receipts were always less than \$3,000 a night. Rubinstein was so annoyed at this poor salary that ten years afterwards he refused \$3,000 a night for a tour in the States, and never visited America again. Paderewski has often drawn from \$6,000 to \$9,000 in a single recital. All the great stars who go on concert tours today do well. Eames, Nordica, Calve, Sembrich and others earn far greater sums on their concert tours than they do in opera.

M. Grau says: "At the Metropolitan Opera House, 'The Girl of the Golden West' was given twice at double prices, at the opening of the season, the takings amounting to \$20,000 at each performance. Aside from such special nights the receipts range from \$8,000 to \$12,000 a night, and it will surprise the reader to learn that Atlanta, Ga., not only holds the record for a single operatic performance, as before stated, but the southern city can boast of having paid the largest sum at the box office for a week of opera in the world's history. This was last spring, when the Metropolitan Company drew \$80,000 in a week of six days; the scale of prices ranged from \$1 to \$7."

The largest receipts for a single performance were taken at the Metropolitan Opera House, New York, on February 25th, 1902, when a gala performance was given in honor of Prince Henry of Germany, the brother of the German Emperor. But in this case the prices were increased sixfold, and the gross receipts amounted to more than \$50,000, out of which the manager, Maurice Grau, made a clear profit of \$30,000.

VICE IN THE COUNTRY

We are in the habit of believing that vice flourishes in cities. It does. But it is not unknown in the pleasant green country. Out in the nestling hamlets, in the clustering villages and the lanky towns, there is plenty of it, and it is hard to fight.

A poor preacher arrived in Toronto the other day from his up-country constituency, wended his way to the church headquarters, and demanded more help in saving the souls of his country parish. More help! The church could not afford it! It paid him seven hundred dollars a year to look after that district! Why should he ask for more?

Then he told, and what he told the records of the Provincial police of Ontario confirm. He said that degeneracy was eating its way through his part of the country like a malignant growth. He told of families living near the babbling brooks and the pretty fields who had been thieves generation after generation. He declared things which are not declared lightly, and other matters which half the world would not believe. "Vice in the cities!" he said, "why, when I was a student I worked in the poor and the vicious quarters of Montreal. I saw vice rampant. But, at least, there was variety; even such redeeming points as bright colors and cheap music. Even then it was only an isolated section of the community. But up there in my parish there is deadly, monotonous vice, plain and unvarnished; no lights, no pretense at excitement, merely blind, blundering vice."—Canadian Colliers.

HOW BIRDS SLEEP.

The sleep of most wild creatures, whether birds or animals, is light; there is too much danger round to make sound sleep safe. The authors of "A Game Keeper's Note-Book," who made some very interesting observations on sleeping birds, found out that the perch roosting birds always sleep head to the wind.

If a rook alights in the home tree in a high wind, he swings his head into the wind before alighting. So when wood-pigeons come home before the wind, they pass over their roosting-trees and then beat up into the wind.

At rest the bird doubles its knees, as it were, which causes the toes to contract, the weight of the body resting chiefly on the breast and outspread wings—not on the eggs if in a nest. The legs and feet have sinews which work an automatic locking action of the claws, so that, roosting with knees doubled up, the feet grip the branch unflinchingly.

Some birds seem always half-awake. Wildfowls will scratch a match at night to test the presence of wild duck in a distant creek; if present, an instant quacking will betray them. Pheasants are always vigilant; on the darkest night it is difficult to stalk them, however quietly you move. If you come within a hundred yards of guinea-fowl at night, they will raise an alarm. They excel at talking in their sleep.

But some birds, such as wrens, when cuddling in a hole in the thatch, seem to sleep soundly. And while wild pigeons will fly out at once if a match be struck under their tree, a pigeon-lover in London says that his city birds, roosting on window-ledges, lose their wariness by night, and will hold their own in the face of a candle while a hand is stretched out to touch their necks.

Partridges seek a sheltered dry lying hollow in the fields, and a covey of twenty will huddle on a spot a yard in diameter. The colder the weather the closer they roost; the birds on the edge have their breasts outward. Sometimes by the way, it is unfortunate that partridges and pheasants that the positions of their nests prevent them from flying to and fro. Having to force their way through tangled undergrowth, a trail is left for the fox to follow home. The barn-yard fowl may walk from her nest when in captivity; but when she has stolen her nest abroad, she resumes the habit of flying.

A MEAN REVENGE.

An editor who was courting a woman of uncertain age, but positive bank account, was cut out by a gentleman from a neighboring town, who married her and took her home. Whereupon the editor sought a mean revenge by heading the account of her wedding: "Another Old Resident Gone."

How to Get Rid of an Undesirable
(By Daniel Scott Lamont.)

Scene—The Executive Chamber of a governor, busily engaged at his desk, facing north. The private secretary, busily engaged at his desk, facing north. Enter the lieutenant-governor.

Mr. Hill—Good afternoon, governor! Public business weighs heavily upon you today?

Mr. Cleveland—Yes; quite busy. The Senate is not in session?

Mr. Hill—No; it is adjourned until to-morrow. Good afternoon, Dan! I see your old friend So-and-so from Syracuse was here today.

Mr. Lamont—Yes, he was here. Mr. Hill—Was he sober?

(The governor suspends work and partly turns to listen.)

Mr. Hill—How did he get here?

Mr. Lamont—He seemed to be.

Mr. Lamont—Like the rest, I suppose—by the train.

Mr. Hill—But 'o ride on the cars requires money. Who'd he borrow it from?

Mr. Lamont—I don't know. Some stranger to Syracuse, I suppose.

Mr. Hill—Did he go away sober?

Mr. Lamont—I don't know. I didn't see him after he left here.

Mr. Hill—How did he get back? You didn't lend him any money, did you?

Mr. Lamont—Oh, no. I kept out of his way.

(The governor turns to his desk with a grumble.) An entirely different man was finally appointed.

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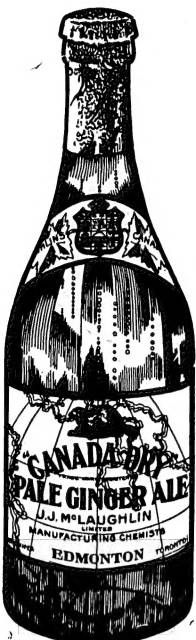
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THE INVESTOR

The prospectus has been issued of a company which will take over the sand pit, real estate, plant and buildings of the Pressed Bricks Ltd., which was organized a few years ago and is located in east Strathcona near the Gallagher packing house. The plant, that has been used in connection with the enterprise, has proven unsatisfactory. Investigation has shown that it is to Germany that one must go for outstanding examples of success in the manufacture of sand-lime bricks. There are over five hundred plants in existence in the German Empire, all of which are said to be paying handsome dividends and stand out in marked contrast to similar concerns in this country.

The new company which is to be known as The Hardstone Brick Co. proposes to instal a complete up-to-date Magdeburg plant, which is in general use in Germany and has been thoroughly tested. The Canadian rights for this machinery have been purchased by Messrs. Leitner, Euwecke and Peters of Winnipeg. They have agreed to take \$10,000 stock in the new company which is being capitalized at \$150,000. They have made an estimate after carefully examining the property and studying local conditions that on an output of seven million and a half bricks they can guarantee a profit of thirty per cent. on this capitalization.

An arrangement has been made with the shareholders of Pressed Bricks Ltd. that they will take \$30,000 stock in the Hardstone Brick Co. for their interest in the old company, among the assets of which is eleven and a half acres of land put in at \$17,250, its value two years ago. The directors of the old company also agree to release a chattel mortgage which they hold to the amount of \$9,900 in return for stock at par. Ernest Beaufort and Co. Ltd., who are acting as fiscal agents for the enterprise, have taken \$5,000 stock. This leaves \$95,000 stock which is being offered for sale at par.

The samples of the brick manufactured by the process which are on view at the office of Beaufort

and Co. are such as to inspire confidence. Their selling price is estimated at \$12 a thousand, a less figure than is being obtained for ordinary clay bricks. There is absolutely no watered stock in connection with the flotation and it bears every evidence of resting on the soundest principles.

This week witnessed the absorbing of another tailoring establishment by L. Fleche Bros., who bought out the stock of H. K. Hillborn & Co., Jasper W. This is the third time in three years these progressive tailors have bought out other firms, which shows winning competition on their behalf. L. Fleche Bros. have now a tailoring establishment such as very few can boast of in Western Canada, increasing their force from time to time to keep pace with the increase of their business. They are tailors of only the best of clothes and their prices are in accordance with quality.

Major B. J. Saunders, who has announced himself as candidate for mayor of Edmonton, has opened committee rooms above the C.P.R. telegraph office, on Jasper East, and at the Royal Hall, on Kinslino avenue. Committee rooms will be opened in Strathcona and in Norwood as soon as convenient quarters can be found.

The directors of the Calgary and Edmonton railway, which is a subsidiary line controlled by the C.P.R. held a meeting at the C.P.R. head office in Montreal last week to consider the expediency of creating and issuing bonds of the company in connection with the extension of the Lacombe branch, a distance of 125 miles east from the eastern end of 100 mile section, in respect to which an issue of bonds has already been authorized, and the "bridge bonds" of the company, in respect of a branch line of its railway from Strathcona to Edmonton, including the high level bridge over the Saskatchewan river and its approaches.

The proposition was approved.



OFFICIALS OF THE IMPERIAL CANADIAN TRUST CO. HEAD OFFICE, WINNIPEG.
From left to right: E. F. Hutchings; Hon. D. C. Cameron, Lieutenant-Governor of Manitoba, Vice-President; W. T. Alexander, Managing Director; Captain William Robinson, President; D. E. Sprague, Vice-President. The company has started to do business under very favorable auspices. The capital is \$1,000,000.

Mr. H. French, a mining engineer, who has been prospecting in the mountains near the Yellowhead, has gone east to consult with Boston capitalists in reference to a gold-dredging proposition on the Miette River. He declares his belief that three million dollars worth of gold can be taken out there in three years.

Arrangements are said to have been completed by which the C.P.R. takes over the Alberta Central, now under construction from Stettler west. It has been understood from the first that the pioneer railway corporation was behind the enterprise.

Mr. Paul G. Jung, the Chinese capitalist, who makes his home in Vancouver, has returned from his trip to the country north and northwest of Edmonton and has expressed himself as greatly impressed with its possibilities.

Mr. G. P. Smith, M.P.P., has introduced a bill to make real estate wilclatting more difficult. He proposes to make it illegal to use a subdivision map that is not certified by a land surveyor, while it is to be necessary to place in one corner a key map showing the distance from the centre of the city. This is a reasonable safeguard. But that adjective hardly applies to another provision in Mr. Smith's bill which makes the subdividing of property more than a mile from the limits of a city illegal. So long as it is clear that the property is more than that distance outside the city, there is no reason why a prohibition should be placed upon its sale. There are many circumstances under which it might be very good buying.

All that such legislation should attempt to do is to prevent prospective buyers being the victims of

deception. Once it is clear that they know what they are doing, it is their own funeral if they are bitten.

Mr. W. A. Black, general manager of the Ogilvie Milling Co., gave an interview at Vancouver in which he laid stress on the importance of the opening up of the Panama Canal and the development of Oriental trade to the farming and milling interests in the west. There can be little question that it is the opening up of trade routes in this direction that is inducing the Ogilvie Company to establish a mill in Alberta. In view of the favorable situation that Edmonton will have for this trade when the G.T.P. and C.N.R. and very probably another line of the C.P.R., all with the easiest grades across the Rockies to be found on the continent, its advantage as milling center must appeal to the Ogilvies.

General Manager McLeod of the C.N.R. announced this week that the company's branch to Athabasca Landing would be completed by the end of February.

The provincial government made a good bargain when it secured for the purposes of a jail the R.N.W.M.P. buildings at Fort Saskatchewan and the 200 acres surrounding for \$5,900.

A Scotch breeder with whom Secretary Fisher of the Board of Trade has been in communication with, states that he will this year bring to the Edmonton district one hundred and thirty pedigreed Holstein cattle. He proposes to devote himself to the production of cheese.

The Imperial Bank of Canada has opened a branch at Rocky Mountain House, under the management of Mr. W. N. Sellen, of Michel, B.C.

PRIMITIVE TREASURE VAULT

Among his "Episodes in a Life of Adventure," Mr. Lawrence Olliphant tells how he was entertained as the guest of honor at the capital of Montenegro some fifty years ago. The little principality was of course a much more primitive corner of the earth than it is now—which is saying a good deal.

The little town of Cetinje, which is the capital, did not then have a hotel, properly so called, but the more stranger who visited it was accommodated in a kind of lodging-house, in which there were one or two spare bedrooms; or, if they were not actually spare, their occupants turned out, I suppose for a consideration, on the arrival of a guest. The chamber assigned to me had apparently been thus vacated.

Its former occupant had evidently been a man of modest requirements, for the entire furniture consisted of a bed, a chest and a chair. I much wondered at the absence of a table and the presence of the chest, but the latter was better than nothing. When a boiled chicken was brought to me for my evening repast, I spread one of my own towels upon it, to serve as a tablecloth, and squatting uncomfortably on the solitary chair, proceeded to make the best I could of existing conditions.

I was in the act of dissecting an extremely tough wing, when the door suddenly opened, and a stalwart Montenegrin, looking magnificent in his national costume, stalked in. He addressed me with great politeness in his native tongue—at least, I gathered from his manner that he was polite, for I could not understand a word of what he said.

As he was evidently a man of some position, in other words, as he seemed to be a gentleman of Montenegro, I rose and bowed with much ceremony, addressing him fluently in the English language. Upon this, he drew an immense key from his pocket, and pointed to the lock of the chest, thus giving me to understand that he wished to open it. In order for him to accomplish this, it was necessary for me to remove my dinner, an operation which was speedily performed.

As he seemed a frank and engaging kind of person, without any secrets, and as I was possessed of natural curiosity, I looked over his shoulder while he opened the chest, to see what was in it. To my astonishment, it was full to the brim of bags of money. Not only this, but my strange visitor opened one of them, and poured out a handful of gold. When he had counted out as much as he wanted—which, as well as my memory serves me, was more than a hundred pounds—he tied up the bag again, replaced it, locked up the chest, helped me to lay my cloth and spread my banquet again, and with a polite final salutation he vanished.

The mystery was not solved until the next day, when, dining with the prince, I met my visitor of the previous evening. I then gained the information, through a Russian gentleman present who spoke French, that the chest upon which I had dined contained the entire finances of the principality; and cello of the exchequer. That the Montenegrin who had unlocked it, and who had vacated his chamber for me, was its chancellor of the exchequer.

The speaker in almost any legislative body in America has a good deal of power, especially if an active and vigorous portion of the members is with him. A writer in the Cleveland Leader tells how a strong combination was on one occasion effected in the Ohio Legislature. On a certain Thursday afternoon a circus came to town, and complimentary tickets were scattered broadcast. The newspaper reporters were not overlooked, and after five or six months of tedious work they were naturally rejoiced at a chance to get an afternoon off.

The Speaker, too, wanted to see the circus, and along about half past one, when the discussion over a certain bill was at its height, some one looked at his watch and said, "Move we adjourn."

"Moved and seconded we adjourn!" shouted the Speaker. "Aye!" in favor say aye." All the reporters and some of the members shouted "Aye!" Fifty of the members cried "No!" "The House stands adjourned!" said the Speaker, bringing down his gavel, and he and the light-hearted legislators marched off to the big tents.



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CURED ACES AND PAINS LIKE MAGIC

When He Used Dodd's Kidney Pills for Rheumatism.

Saskatchewan man tells of quick relief after three years of suffering.

Holbeck, Sask., Jan. 29. (Special)—among the many of the prairies who are shouting the praises of Dodd's Kidney Pills none speak with more enthusiasm than Mr. Matt. Syverson, a well-known resident of this place.

"I suffered from rheumatism for three years," Mr. Syverson says, "and I was also troubled with an acute pain around my heart. My case was a severe one and several times I doubted if recovery was possible. But seven boxes of Dodd's Kidney Pills cured me completely.

"I can truly and honestly recommend Dodd's Kidney Pills as a remedy for cases like mine. They surely cleared out all my aches and pains as if by magic."

Rheumatism is caused by uric acid in the blood. When the kidneys are right they strain all the uric acid out of the blood. Dodd's Kidney Pills make the kidneys right. That's why they never fail to cure rheumatism and kindred diseases.

PAT'S REJOINDER.

Englishman: "Pat, why do you Irish rear so many pigs? My countrymen get surprised when they see such a number."

Pat: "Troth, an' why we rear them is that when the Englishmen come over for holidays they won't feel too strange when there's some of their own sort here."—Tit-Bits.

Asker: "How do you excuse those mother-in-law jokes of yours to your wife?"
Funnymen: "I tell her they refer to her mother-in-law, and she says they are not half bad enough."

THE MIKRO.

(Continued from page Two.)

"The letters" I have had handed to me in my time to read, would be shriekingly funny, if they weren't so sad.

Armed with a bit of "writing," so many Toms set out as hopefully as if they bore a charm that warded off all the evils of this wicked old world of ours.

"A Member of Parliament."

Lucky Tom to keep his faith in them. I wouldn't open his eyes—not me, though I could tell him that a letter of recommendation from any woman I know along the street, who tacks "MA" behind her name, would be a much more effective passport to my letting him work on my wood-pile, than—well, all the letters of all the M.P.'s I know, rolled into one.

A large number of people who were under no compulsion to be present, visited the Infernal Regions this week, and saw what happens to those who won't be good in this life.

One woman describing the experience did so in this wise:

"Awfully jolly, oh yes, I enjoyed it immensely, only—it was so hot and crowded."

The description is an admirable one. I suppose it is just that.

No doubt though some people—the women especially—imagine that the air will be cooled with electric fans, and ices, any flavor you wish, be handed out promiscuously.

I heard a rather smart remark made by a certain woman, who is almost one might say, famous, for arriving an hour or so late at every function. "Even if I did marry a widower," she protested one day over the tea cups, "I distinctly object to being spoken of as the late Mrs. Blankety Blank."

PEGGY.

FORBES-ROBERTSON IN "THE PASSING OF THE THIRD FLOOR BACK."

The entire production of "The Passing of the Third Floor Back" justifies the author's definition of Art, whose business, the Passer-By says, "is to reveal the beauty underlying all things." How much of the beauty, the noble effectiveness of the play to be presented here shortly is to be ascribed to the author, and how much to the actor-manager, would be difficult to say.

Forbes-Robertson has a wonderful gift for the composition of his pictures, probably because he is a painter as well as an actor, and a philosopher as well as manager. His own personality, too, is predominant. Tall, ascetic, with a face in which there is a calm nobility and a benignant sympathy, with a carriage which is full of dignity, he moves through the play, shedding light in dark places. His cloak is a modern garment with an ancient and saintly look. His voice is rarely raised above the gentle, sympathetic tone, yet it can take on the vigor of indignant remonstrance or exhortation. His eye really seems to look through the others, as they admit among themselves. It never strikes one that Forbes-Robertson is acting—which is, after all, the most consummate and artistic of all acting.

While he dominates the play and is the focal point of interest, he has filled his pictures in with impersonations all in their way approaching perfection by his excellent London company. There is not time to speak of the many little touches of the producer, such as the clever handling of the lights, the originality of so placing the fireplace in the centre of the footlights that those who sit by it face the audience, and so on. Suffice it to say that "The Passing of the Third Floor Back" and the acting thereof by Forbes-Robertson and his English company afford playgoers that sort of an opportunity for uplifting enjoyment which ought on no account to be neglected, and it is very gratifying to think that the President himself and the Governors of so many States, have set their official seal of recognition upon this great artist, whose work may be regarded as international, and the play's appeal as universal.

Forbes-Robertson appears at the Empire theatre for three nights starting Thursday, February 8. Seats are now on sale.

Story of the play, "Rivals," which opens a three nights engagement at the Empire theatre, Monday, February 5:

At the rise of the curtain non the first act, we specially discover that Lydia is madly in love with Capt. Absolute, whom she believes to be humble "Ensign Beverly." Mrs. Malaprop, Lydia's aunt and chaperon, however, attempts to nip this love episode in the bud by locking up Lydia as soon as she learns from Lucy, the maid, the true state of affairs. She promptly tells her fair and flirtatious niece in plain (but one cannot say unadulterated) English that a poor, if handsome, ensign can find no place in their family. Another husband has been selected for Miss Languish. Of course the lovely Lydia rebels at this, but all in vain.

Mrs. Malaprop, though a trifle advanced in years, is not averse to a little romance herself, and is carrying on a clandestine correspondence with Sir Lucius O'Trigger, he believing that his corre-

pondent is none other than Lydia Languish herself.

Sir Anthony Absolute, getting word that his son is interested in a young lady at Bath, comes to that place, to inform his heir that he has picked out a bride for him. The young man protests that his affections are already placed, but that only strengthens Sir Anthony's determination to marry him off as he has decided. To the surprise and delight of Captain Absolute he discovers that the lady his father has selected for him is his innamorata. He does not, however, apprise his father of this fact, and his pleasure in the knowledge is somewhat lessened by the quandary in which he finds himself. Here he is in love with and bound to marry, by his father's command, Miss Lydia Languish, who loves him, but who believes him to be someone else, and who will not accept him if she knows him to be himself and a man of wealth. His fears as to his lady-love's attitude towards him when she discovers the truth are verified all too soon, for, when his father drags him before her and presents him under his proper name, she repudiates him completely.

In the meantime, Bob Acres, who has been pressing his suit with the charming heroine, discovers that he has a rival for her affections, and that said rival is "Ensign Beverly." Under the malign influence and direction of the scheming Sir Lucius O'Trigger, the really timid Acres is induced to challenge Beverly to a duel with pistols. Just as the details of the duel are arranged, Captain Absolute happens in and learns with much amusement the farce about to be enacted. With great show of friendship for Bob, he generously offers to carry the challenge himself to "Beverly," whom Acres has never met.

The scene on the duelling ground is perhaps one of the funniest ever presented, either in literature or on the stage, for it shows Bob Acres, the country bumpkin, terror-stricken, yet buoyed up to a certain show of bravado by the wily Sir Lucius, who, while spurring on his victim, describes to him "a snug lying-in place in the Abbey." When Captain Absolute arrives, accompanied by his second, Faulkland, and Acres learns that the Ensign and the Captain are one and the same person, he welcomes that as an excuse to refuse to fight. This refusal does not meet with Sir Lucius O'Trigger's fiery temper, as he has been itching to indulge in a little pistol or sword play; therefore, when his principal fails to fight, he promptly takes the duel upon his own shoulders and challenges Captain Absolute to a bout then and there. They draw swords and are about to fall to, when Sir Anthony Absolute, accompanied by Mrs. Malaprop and Lydia, rush upon the scene and explanations ensue, which insure a happy ending for one and all.

HOME AND SOCIETY. (Continued from Page Five.)

charming in pale mauve.

Mrs. Frank Smith brought her guest, Miss Costigan, in a girlish frock of white satin, cut on plain lines.

Miss Mercer, I thought, looking wonderful well, her gown of rose painted chiffon over satin just suiting her slender, piquante style.

Mrs. Dickens was wearing beautiful toilette of white embroidered net over satin.

Mrs. Jack Anderson, in lovely gold charmeuse satin and Limerick lace was much admired.

Mrs. Swaisland was an undoubted belle in rich black, and Mrs. Arnold Soars wore a distinctive creation of cerise chiffon, over white satin with bands of marabout.

I couldn't begin to go into details of all the affairs given for next week's bride-to-be, Miss Ethel Webster. With hosts of old-time and new-time friends, this popular girl has had all she could do, rushing from one function to the next.

They have showered her, and tea-partied her, and lunched her, until I am sure were she not of a modest disposition, her head would be quite turned.

Some of those entertaining for her were: Mrs. Belcher, at a luncheon of twelve covers on Tuesday.

Mrs. Hislop at a luncheon this Friday.

Mrs. Holland Ross at a "bow" shower on Thursday.

Mrs. Inglis at a luncheon on Wednesday.

Mrs. Alex May at a tea on Tuesday.

I hear too, of cup and saucer showers that are on, but have not yet heard particulars.

The wedding on Thursday will be a huge affair and takes place in the First Presbyterian Church at six o'clock.

I hear that the Speaker's Dinner at the King Edward Hotel, Wednesday, passed off felicitously and with its old-time good fellowship.

The engagement is announced of Miss Josephine Haycock, third daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Haycock of Ottawa, to Mr. B. C. L. Jervis of Queen Anne Mansions, London, Eng., and Edmonton, Alberta.

The account of Madame Dubuc's reception, held on Thursday afternoon, I have been obliged to hold over until next week.

An After Inventory Sale

Womens Tailored Suits You Can't Afford to Pass up

THIS after Stocktaking Sale of Women's Suits is an event eagerly waited for by hosts of women and particularly during a season when its a fairly well known fact that style changes are so slight that many of these suits could be sold with our Spring Stocks.

This, however, would be strictly contrary to our store policy, which calls for a complete clean-up of all stocks twice per year regardless of style predictions, etc.

Selection in this sale is broader and more varied than in any other sale of Suits we've ever announced at \$7.50.

Friday we predict the new selling records in Women's Suit Sales. Values warrant that prediction.

Women's Tailored Suits, Usually worth up to \$35.00, for..... 7.50

Hardly seems possible, does it? It almost looks like a misprint, but it's a fact nevertheless, and one day's selling should clean the line. These suits are the famous Princess garments noted for superiority of finish and workmanship, together with a fit. They are tailored in tweeds, chevils and, in tan, black, navy, grey and cream. Sizes 32 to 42. Regularly worth up to \$35.00. Friday—

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